THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No 5.

To beguile the Time,
Look like the Time.
SHAKESPEARE.

I HAD intended to devote the Day to a very different object of speculation; but I avow that the advices from Europe so occupy my mind as to render it difficult for me to write upon any other than the subjects they involve.

It has been asserted by some of those who calculated on the success of the allies, that the events which have taken place are such as no man expected, but such as in some degree wished for their arrival. This is an idle assertion. With equal propriety, we might say, they are such as all men expected, those only not included, the earnestness of whose anxiety for the contrary had prejudiced their understanding. In reality, men of sense, on both sides, must have estimated in their due extent the chances of war; and it may be that those made the most use of their understanding who saw, from the beginning, that all human probabilities were on the side of the French.

But, to discuss the foundations of conjecture, now that a fatal certitude has put an end to its reign, were a profitless pursuit. The battle of Austerlitz has decided the question. Napoleon has strengthened the establishment of his throne; and Europe, from the Carpathians to the Atlantic, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, is under his sceptre. It contains only his subjects, his allies, and those who dare not rise against him. What more he may accomplish, time only can show. The houses of Hapsburg, Brandenburg, and Romanof may be removed still further to the eastward. Expelled from Austria, Francis, who may now have no better mean of retrieving the fortunes of his family than that of following the course Napoleon shall direct, may one day exchange the western for the eastern empire; and, while the Ottomans cross the Dardanelles, find in Constantinople at least some portion of that security which he has for ever lost in Vienna. The descendants of Frederic the Great may reign in St. Petersburgh, *indemnified* with the provinces of Livonia and Ingria for what they shall resign to the *kings* of Saxony, and Hesse, and Denmark. Alexander, meanwhile, acknowledged to be an emperor only by Great Britain and her allies, may be left to restore the ancient capital of the Czars, or fix his seat at the port of Catharinenslof, and *indemnify* himself with Ispahan.

There is not one of these revolutions which does not appear to me consistent with what policy may dictate to Napoleon, and his arms enable him to produce. Produced, the west of continental

Europe will constitute his empire, composed of departments, or of *federative states;* composed, from one end to the other, of his own creations; for Denmark must either fall, or experience his bounty. The petty kings, by whom he will be surrounded, will be his great vassals; and, virtually, at the least, do him homage for their crowns. In Germany, which might have hoped for a better fate, the feudal system will remain, awaiting the softening hand of time and civilization; and the imperial republic alone will have been delivered from all traces of the institution. Such is the state of things to come, or rather all but established, and which is to be altered only by new arrangements of the Thuilleries, by the mutual dissensions of the French allies, by their revolts, and by their future acquisitions of power.

To those who shall think I overstretch, if not the ambition, the probable achievements or influence of Napoleon, I submit a few considerations. In the south, it cannot be otherwise than sound policy to check the career of Russia, and how can this be more effectually done than by establishing the House of Austria on the Black Sea? I do not know that it can desire a more splendid establishment; but, if it do not desire it, in what condition is it to resist the will of Napoleon? Do we forget that, in ceding the Tyrol, the Venetian territory, and other western possessions, it parts with a population of more value than one of double the number, acquired on the east? Are its Croats and Morlachians equally fit for the field with its Tyrolese? and will it find in the Servians a soldiery more capable or more willing to resist the armies of France? In strengthening Suabia and Bavaria with the Austrian borders of the west, Napoleon does the latter the irreparable injury of taking from her, not only that part of her people most familiar with the civilization of the west, but that part most imbued with national prejudices against the French; and what does he give her in exchange? Barbarians prepossessed against her yoke! Barbarians, unused to European discipline, and who will not be persuaded to learn it without difficulty and time. In all this, I take no account of the superiority of the tactics of France, of the superiority of her plans, of the enthusiasm of her battalions, of the excellence of her generals, or of the ruinous jealousies of those of Austria.

In the north, what is there to render incredible any thing that I have sketched above? Will not the kings of Suabia, Bavaria, Baden, Hesse and Saxony, be strengthened, and are there not others to be provided, not only with crowns, but with whole kingdoms? Will Poland be suffered to remain as it is? Will not Prussia be called upon to make cessions, and will she not be gratified with compensations? And out of what fund shall Napoleon remunerate Frederic-William? What policy so justifiable as that of reducing Russia, the natural ally of Great Britain? And is Russia so impregnable? Can no impression be made on it? To over-run the Russian empire would be a laborious task, indeed; but would it be less difficult to defend it? Why should not a French or a Prussian army penetrate into Courland? In short, what extraordinary safeguard surrounds and protects St. Petersburgh? But, if St. Petersburg were once in the possession of an ally of France, Napoleon might then control the ports of the Baltic, from the Cattegatte to the Gulf of Cronstadst.

The scheme of empire, however, which I have described, as that of Napoleon, is so unlike any thing seen in Europe, since the period of the Roman sway, that it may be, I ought to omit nothing which can remove from the mind of my readers the idea that it is the offspring of my own imagination. To show that Napoleon judges it inexpedient to extend too far the bounds of the *republic;* that he rather chuses to surround its frontiers with small monarchies, his allies; and that those monarchies, at the same time, are to be considered as estates of the French empire, I need only appeal to the Peace of Presburg and to one of his latest decrees. In the latter, we find him remarking, that "All history proves the "uniformity of laws, beyond a certain "extent of territory, to be incompati-

"ble with the safety and durability of "an empire;" and, in another place, promising certain provisions regarding the "Federative Estates of the em- "pire."

But, while some will regard as romance the extension of the influence of Napoleon eastward to the Sea of Marmora, others will suppose that he desires, and will obtain, nothing less than the whole line of sea-coast, from the Straits to Alexandria. This point I shall examine, leaving to more adventurous politicians all speculations on his marches through the interior of Asia, where they have prepared for him all the triumphs of Alexander, Sesostris, and Bacchus; and where, after crossing the Indus and the Ganges, he is to receive deputations from the mandarins of Canton.

That the crown of France, at no very distant day, may become possessed of Egypt, and exercise a species of sovereignty over Syria and Natolia, I do not believe improbable; but all this must be of an inland description: the navigation of the Mediterranean will remain, as I hope and trust, under the control of Great Britain. He may make Cairo the centre of African trade and influence; he may dispatch from that capital menaces and benedictions throughout Barbary, Nigritia, Nubia, Abyssinia, and Ethiopia; he may collect within its walls slaves, ivory, and gold; he may receive at Suez the coffee of Arabia; but, he shall never ship his merchandise but to expose it to British cruizers: if it reach Europe in safety, it must be through the aid of weary caravans, toiling over the Great and Little Deserts.

But, here, I have more than usual occasion for putting myself on my defence. Am I bold enough to hope, nay even to trust, that England will still command the navigation of the Mediterranean? I hope, and trust, that she will still command not only the Mediterranean, but the Baltic, the Atlantic, the Indian and the Pacific Oceans. On her so doing depends the freedom of the world; and that she will so do I cannot see reason to doubt. Mr. Randolph, indeed, is of opinion (unless his language is misrepresented), that "Great "Britain can never again see the year "1760; that she is no longer formida- "ble but as a naval power; and that, "even thus, she will not, perhaps, be "so long." On what are these opinions founded? On the victories of Napoleon? On the subjection of continental Europe? If Great Britain suffer materially by these, it must be through the errors of her statesmen. Her case is not so desperate as her foes are too ready to believe, and her friends too ready to fear. I am not sure that she will never see again the year 1760; that is, that she will never again achieve similar continental victories, and possess similar continental influence; but I am very sure that the year 1805 will not be a contemptible one in her annals: that her present attitude is firm and lofty; and that, with wise conduct, she may flourish through a period of which no man can determine the duration.

True, the battle of Austerlitz has been lost; but so have the battles of St. Domingo and Trafalgar. If France have not been ruined by the latter, no more has England by the former. England has gained so much at sea; France so much by land. Has the victory of Trafalgar enabled England to conquer France? Has the victory of Austerlitz enabled France to conquer England?——But, I will reserve, for another Day, my speculations on the present state and present prospects of the British empire.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[*Continued.*]

Logan was a man of very amiable dispositions, and of very agreeable manners. He loved and esteemed his friends, and was by them loved and esteemed. He was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, learning, and virtue. Genius, a sufficient stock of professional erudition, and a happy facility of communication, distinguished him as a public instructor. Failings he had undoubtedly; many of his friends will remember them; but he had no failings which did not proceed from an unhappy constitutional

temperament. In feeling minds passions naturally burn with too much vehemence. His sensibility was too ardent, his passions were too easily moved. His spirits were always much elated, or much depressed. After the failure of his schemes of literary ambition, the frequency and duration of his periods of melancholy became more remarkable. His health continually declined. He grew burdensome to himself, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief which the bottle supplies; a weakness which, in his unhappy circumstances, reflects no dishonour on his memory, and cannot be remembered, but with pity and sadness.

As an author, Logan has distinguished himself as an *historian*, a *divine* and a *poet*.

His *Elements of the Philosophy of History* display the deep penetration, comprehensive views, and animated composition, which distinguished his course of "Lectures on Ancient and Modern History." He appears, from these outlines, to have taken a very comprehensive and philosophical survey of the history of mankind. Though they were particularly intended for his pupils, they may be of use to the readers of history in general, in leading them to contemplate events in their connection with each other, and in relation to their causes, and in suggesting hints of speculation and inquiry. In this excellent production, as well as in his *Dissertation on Asia*, he shows himself to be both a man of erudition and a philosopher. But, besides this, we discover in them some of the principal qualifications of a poet, a vein of imagery and invention, and the true flame of genius.

It is no unpleasant reflection, to be able to find so many elegant writers of sermons among the Scottish preachers; in the first rank of which Logan stands very high. Leechman, Craig, Farquhar, Walker, Logan, Drysdale, Gerard, Lamont, Charters, and Blair, are such writers of sermons, as any country might with justice be proud of. It is remarkable, that an art which has been so long and so constantly practised as that of preaching, should hitherto have furnished so very few models of eloquence. It was in France that the first attempts appear to have been made towards any improvement in this species of composition. In the reign of Lewis XIV, the eloquence of the pulpit was carried to a perfection which has not since been exceeded by the writers of that or any other country. The first who distinguished themselves in France by their eloquence in preaching, were Bossuet, Flechier, and Bourdaloue; and the two former were surpassed by the latter, who united with considerable warmth, and remarkable correctness and purity of expression, great force and strength of reasoning. These were followed by Massillon, who exceeded all his predecessors, and has afforded the most perfect models of pulpit-eloquence. Bourdaloue, nervous in his style, simple in his expression, and acute in his reasoning, aims at convincing the understanding, rather than at touching the heart. Massillon, not less nervous in his style, but more acute in his expression, expresses himself in a language dicated by the richest imagination and the most delicate taste; and, addressing himself to the heart, hurries us along with a never-failing torrent of the warmest and most passionate eloquence.

In England the art of preaching has made a less distinguished progress, and is yet far from having arrived at that degree of perfection which the French have attained. Before the Restoration, there is hardly a preacher whose sermons deserve to be read. The spirit of religious controversy gave them some warmth; but, utterly void of taste, and destitute of elegance of expression, they abound in cold divisions and scholastic jargon. Then appeared Sanderson and Barrow, who, deviating from the involved method of their predecessors, introduced a mode less formal, though not quite pure from the parade of artificial composition. In that reign, Scott, diffuse, figurative, serious, and fervent, formed a manner peculiar to himself, which, without an equal portion of congenial talents, it was impossible to imitate. About the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, some improvements were made. In the sermons of Tillotson there is remarkable good sense, accompanied with simplicity, and considerable purity of expression. Clarke pondered his subjects with patience, compared the Bible carefully with itself, argued coolly, decided with caution, wrote with precision, and seldom admitted an improper word, or gave it a wrong position; but he is generally dry and uninteresting. Butler's sermons are for the most part upon very abstruse metaphysical points, little suited to the pulpit, or to the generality of readers. In the sermons of Seed there is sound and clear reasoning; the expression is lively and elegant, and the manner warm and interesting; but his style is often too artificial, as opposed to natural. The sermons of Hoadly, Sherlock, Secker, Jortin, and many others, though justly celebrated for their sound and clear reasoning, and nervous expression, yet hardly ever afford any examples of an animated and passionate eloquence. Atterbury is almost the only English preacher who has attained any remarkable elegance, or who approaches in any degree to the eloquence of the French. His style is more nervous, his expression more elegant, and his manner more warm and affecting than almost any of the English preachers; but he is sometimes careless and incorrect, and sometimes even flat and insipid.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[Some time before Dr. Goldsmith projected the writing of Comedy, and long before his laughable play, "The Mistakes of a Night" appeared, it was the fashion, among a knot of fantastic French innovators, to introduce on the Parisian stage a motley species of the Drama, which they saluted by the discordant name of *Comedie larmoyante*, or *crying* Comedy. This strange creature, with her harlequin coat, has become such a favourite since that time, from Cumberland to Kotzebue, that she is frequently introduced upon the stage as a substitute for the genuine Thalia. In the following elegant, sprightly, and well reasoned essay, which does not appear in Dr. Goldsmith's edition of his works, this innovation is attacked with all the force of good sense, and all the sharpness of ridicule. It affords us much satisfaction to have an opportunity to exhibit the nervous protest of a competent judge against a fashionable absurdity. Of the accuracy of his assertions we have not a doubt. The authority of Boileau is decisive. Men go to a comedy to *laugh* at the folly and vice of coxcombs and knaves. Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakespeare, Congreve and Cibber, never dreamt of a *comic* muse in mourning, and whining "like a sick girl."]

The Theatre, like all other amusements, has its fashions and its prejudices: and when satiated with its excellence, mankind begin to mistake change for improvement.

For some years Tragedy was the reigning entertainment; but of late, it has entirely given way to Comedy, and our best efforts are now exerted in these lighter kinds of composition. The pompous train, the swelling phrase, and unnatural rant, are displaced for that natural portrait of human folly and frailty, of which all are judges, because all have sat for the picture.

But, as in describing nature it is presented with a double face, either of mirth or sadness, our modern writers find themselves at a loss, which chiefly to copy from; and it is now debated whether the exhibition of human distress is likely to afford the mind more entertainment than that of human absurdities!

Comedy is defined by Aristotle to be a picture of the frailties of the lower part of mankind, to distinguish it from Tragedy, which is an exhibition of the misfortunes of the great. When Comedy therefore ascends to produce the characters of princes or generals upon the stage, it is out of its walk, since low life and middle life are entirely its object. The principal question, therefore, is, whether, in describing low or middle life, an exhibition of its follies be not preferable to a detail of its calamities? or, in other words, which deserves the preference? The weeping sentimental Comedy, so much in fashion at present, or the laughing and even low Comedy, which seems to have been last exhibited by Vanbrugh and Cibber?

If we apply to authorities, all the great masters in the dramatic art have but one opinion. Their rule is, that as Tragedy displays the calamities of the great, so Comedy should excite our laughter, by ridiculously exhibiting the follies of the lower part of mankind. Boileau, one of the best modern critics, asserts that Comedy will not admit of Tragic Distress:

> Le Comique, ennemi des soupirs et des pleurs,
> N'admet point, dans ses vers, de tragiques douleurs.

Nor is this rule without the strongest foundation in nature; as the distresses of the mean by no means affect us so strongly as the calamities of the great. When Tragedy exhibits to us some great man falling from his height, and struggling with want and adversity, we feel his situation in the same manner as we suppose he himself must feel; and our pity is increased in proportion to the height from which he fell. On the contrary, we do not so strongly sympathize with one born in humble circumstances, and encountering accidental distress: so that while we melt for Belisarius, we scarcely give halfpence to the beggar, who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity; the other

our contempt. Distress, therefore, is the proper object of Tragedy, since the great exite our pity by their fall; but not equally so of Comedy, since the actors employed in it are originally so mean, that they sink but little by their fall.

Since the first origin of the stage, Tragedy and Comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till of late encroached upon the provinces of each other. Terence, who seems to have made the nearest approaches, always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetic; and yet he is even reproached by Cæsar for wanting the *vis Comica*. All the other comic writers of antiquity aim only at rendering folly or vice ridiculous, but never exalt their characters into buskined pomp, or make what Voltaire humourously calls a *Tradesman's Tragedy*.

Yet, notwithstanding this weight of authority, and the universal practice of former ages, a new species of dramatic composition has been introduced under the name of *Sentimental Comedy*, in which the virtues of private life are exhibited, rather than the vices exposed; and the distresses rather than the faults of mankind make our interest in the piece. These comedies have had of late great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favourite foible. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their *tin* money on the stage, and, though they want humour, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is taught not only to pardon but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their heart; so that folly, instead of being rediculed, is commended, and the Comedy aims at touching our passions without the power of being truly pathetic. In this manner we are like to lose one great source of entertainment on the stage; for, while the comic poet is invading the province of the Tragic Muse, he leaves her lovely sister quite neglected. Of this, he is no way solicitous, as he measures his fame by his profits.

But it will be said, that the Theatre is formed to amuse mankind, and that it matters little, if this end be answered, by what means it is obtained. If mankind find delight in weeping at comedy, it would be cruel to abridge them in that or any other innocent pleasure. If those pieces are denied the name of comedies, yet call them by any other name, and if they are delightful they are good. Their success, it will be said, is a mark of their merit; and it is only abridging our happiness to deny us an inlet to amusement.

These objections, however, are rather specious than solid: it is true that amusement is a great object of the theatre, and it will be allowed, that these sentimental pieces do often amuse us; but the question is, whether the true comedy would not amuse us more? The question is, whether a character, supported throughout a piece with its ridicule still attending, would not give us more delight than that species of bastard tragedy which only is applauded because it is new.

A friend of mine, who was sitting at one of these sentimental pieces, was asked how he could be so indifferent? "Why truly," says he, "as the hero is but a tradesman, it is indifferent to me whether he be turned out of his counting house on Fish-street hill, since he will still have enough left to open a shop in St. Giles's."

The other objection is as ill grounded; for though we should give these pieces another name, it will not mend their efficacy. It will continue a kind of *mulish* production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility. If we are permitted to make Comedy weep, we have an equal right to make tragedy laugh, and to set down in blank verse the jests and repartees of all the attendants in a funeral procession.

But there is one argument in favour of sentimental comedy, which will keep it on the stage, in spite of all that can be said against it. It is, of all others, the most easily written. Those abilities, that can hammer out a novel, are fully sufficient for the production of a senti-

mental comedy. It is only sufficient to raise the character a little; to deck out the hero with a ribband, or give the heroine a title, then to put an insipid dialogue, without character or humour, into their mouths, give them mighty good hearts, very fine cloaths, furnish a new set of scenes, make a pathetic act or two, with a sprinkling of tender melancholy conversation through the whole, and there is no doubt but all the ladies will cry, and all the gentlemen applaud.

Humour, at present, seems to be departing from the stage; and it will soon happen that our comic players will have nothing left for it but a fine coat and a song. It depends upon the audience whether they will actually drive those poor merry creatures from the stage, or sit at a play as gloomy as at the tabernacle. It is not easy to recover an art when once lost; and it will be but a just punishment that when, by being too fastidious, we have banished humour from the stage, we should ourselves be deprived of the use of laughing.

For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

Original letter from Dr. Smollet.

[Every line from the pen of genius should be preserved with care, and perused with avidity. The following letter, from the author of Roderick Random, is one of the last he ever wrote; and though it be a mere letter of business, may excite some not unpleasing ideas of association.]

Lucca Baths, Wednesday, August 21.

DEAR SIR,

I was favoured with your's last night, and take this first opportunity of answering it, as I am determined to be with you as soon as possible. We shall set out from hence on Monday morning, and lie at Pisa, and on Tuesday we propose to take potluck with you at Leghorn; so that we may proceed to the Guadino in the evening—Meanwhile I must beg the favour of you to write Mr. Favilla that I shall be at Lucca next Monday, and that I shall have occasion for twenty Zechins, as I should not care to be run to the last Paul. He may then take my order upon you for the money, and I will pay him the amount of what he has laid out, in our behalf, since we left Leghorn. You will therefore desire him to have the account ready to settle.

The baggage we shall send to Leghorn by the Canal; and when we arrive we shall be able to judge what must be forwarded to the Guadino, where I hope you will remember to make some provision of wine. We shall leave the best part of a barrel to our friend Domenicho, who has not yet received the printed cotton, but I suppose it will come to hand this day or tomorrow. Pray remember me to Nanny and Kitty, Capt. St. Barbe, and all friends, and excuse this first trouble from,

Dear Sir,
Yours always,
Ts. Smollet.

A Monsieur
Monsr. Renner,
Negotiant, à Livourne.

ANECDOTES OF ANSTEY.

Mr. Anstey was formerly of King's College, and well known in the literary world for some excellent poetical productions, particularly the "New Bath Guide, or Memoirs of the Blunderhead Family." He was originally designed for the church; but inheriting, rather unexpectedly, a moderate fortune, he resigned every pretension to ecclesiastical honours, and was content with economising what he had, without the ambition of making more. At the university, so far from distinguishing himself, he incurred the disgrace of having his degree withheld from him, and is reported to have been remarkable, in early life, for levity and dissipation. To this circumstance he alludes, without seeming greatly to lament it, in the following lines of the Bath Guide:

Bear witness, you moon, the chaste empress of night!
Ye stars, that diffuse the pure radiance of light!
How oft have I mourn'd that such blame should accrue
From one wicked letter of pious Miss Prue!

May this lazy stream, who to Granta bestows
Philosophical slumbers and learned repose,
To Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

His first appearance as an author was in a monody on the death of the unfortunate marquis of Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse. This was immediately followed by the New Bath Guide, which is, in a great measure, built on Smollet's novel of Humphrey Clinker. Indeed, the characters of Tabby and Miss Prue, and the whole description of Bath, are copies from the novel. Mr. Anstey, however, was not the only one who derived materials from this source; for Sheridan has made equally free with the same characters in the comedy of the Rivals. The Bath Guide was received with deserved and general applause. Its satire, which is poignant without grossness or personality, pleased all; and the profusion of wit and humour on the Bath amusements, the physicians, the extortions, the public breakfasts and balls, was equally grateful, on account of its justness and novelty. But it is unnecessary to enlarge on a work which has passed through numerous editions, and is in the hands of every person of taste. After this production, Mr. Anstey's muse continued silent, or was, at least, employed on mere trifles; and a writer, to whom the palm of humorous and light poetry was adjudged upon the first efforts of his talents, immediately passed into obscurity. For the last thirty years, nobody has been less known to the public than Mr. A. There is no *bon mot* or witticism of this distinguished author upon record. He could never be prevailed upon to sing again, however persuaded by his friends or his bookseller, but seemed resolved that, like the swan, his first note should be his last. His name, however, has not been forgotten; his son has, in a great measure, redeemed the pledge of his father, and proved that he inherits a full measure of his poetic talents, by a publication in no respect inferior to the Bath Guide, entitled, The Conduct of a Suit at Law, &c.

For the Port Folio.

[The following pathetic Ode to the true *nepenthe* of life occurs in Desmond, a novel by Mrs. C. Smith. Dr. Mead was wont to say energetically of Opium, that it was *Donum Dei*. Physic, in mercy to tortured man, has bestowed the juice of the poppy, in aid of our moral consolations.]

ODE TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull, to humid eyes, appear
The golden glories of the year.
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine.
I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower.
Thou brilliant weed,
That dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow;
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,
Thou comforter of woe,
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove,
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful love.
The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd;
But love and joy and all their train are flown,
E'en languid hope no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone;
Unless per chance the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud and willow leaf
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou can'st ease
The wretched victim of disease,
Can'st close those weary eyes in sleep,
Which never open but to weep!
For oh! thy potent charm,
Can agonizing pain disarm,
Expel imperious memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul-soothing plant! that can such blessings give,
By thee the mourner loves to live,
By thee the hopeless die,
Oh, ever friendly to despair,
Might sorrow's pallid votary dare,
Without a crime, that remedy t' implore,
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliating aid no more,
No more I'd sue that thou should'st spread
Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to impart
Thy balsam for a broken heart,
And by thy soft Lethean power,
Inestimable flower!
Burst these terrestial bands, and other regions try.

For the Port Folio.

[The following ingenious Essay, replete with liberality of sentiment, as well as with elegance of expression, is from the pen of *Goldsmith*, though unpublished during his lifetime. We cannot resist the temptation to transfer it to the Port Folio. Every line from this fascinating author is to our eye as a string of pearls, or *a signet* of *carbuncle, set in gold.*]

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals, who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, surly tyrants; but that, in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the rest of the world.

This very *learned* and *judicious remark* was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company —all, I mean, but your humble servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping by these means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentlemen of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrages of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable, so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him, that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy: that perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more steady and sedate, than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to reward me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government, to which, in their hearts, they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was

in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked "what countryman he was," replied that he was "a Citizen of the World." How few are there to be found, in modern times, who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners: but the misfortune is, that they infect the mind, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentlemen; for, let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet, if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: the slender vine twists round the sturdy oak, for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged, in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer, that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm too are the growth of religion; but who ever took it into his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard-sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopt off, without any harm to the parent stock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltrons? Most certainly it is; and, if it were not—But why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible!—But if it were not, I must own, I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, viz. a Citizen of the World, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

For the Port Folio.

Interesting Literary Memoirs.

JOHN SCAPULA.

Having received a good education at Lausanne, was employed as assistant corrector of the press by Henry Stephens. Whilst the latter was printing his excellent *Treasury of the Greek Language*, his assistant compiled from it, secretly, an abridgment, which contained all that he judged necessary for the advancement of students. This Lexicon was first printed by him in 1580, and was reprinted at Leyden by the Elzevirs, in folio, 1652. Henry Stephens by this theft lost the sale of a work

which had cost him immense labour, and was ruined, whilst Scapula enjoyed in peace the fruit of his villany.

SCREVELIUS

published his Lexicon at Leyden, 1647, in 8vo, the form it still holds. This is the only work of that scholar which does him any credit. He printed several editions of Homer, Hesiod, and other ancient writers, in a fine style of typography; but his critical notes are only distinguished by their want of taste and judgment. Screvelius's Lexicon was afterwards enlarged and corrected by Hill, 1767, and is now in general use.

JOHN FRANCIS REGNARD,

famous as the greatest traveller that France ever produced, is also well known as a pleasing poet and an elegant scholar. After visiting almost every country of Europe, and part of Africa and Asia, he determined to penetrate as far to the northward as possible; and for this purpose followed the course of the Torno, till he arrived at the Frozen Ocean. Here being obliged to terminate his career, he carved the following verses on a stone, and on a slab of wood, for the edification of those who might take the trouble to tread in his steps:

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa; Gangem
Hausimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem;
Casibus et variis acti terráque marique,
Sistimus hîc tandem nobis ubi defuit orbis.

Thus rendered into French.

Nés François, eprouvés par cent périls divers,
Du Gange et du Zaïr nous avons vu les sources,
Parcouru l'Europe et les mers;
Voici le terme de nos courses,
Et nous nous arrêtons où finit l'Univers.

Regnard and Boileau the satirist were long at variance; but in 1705 they made up their differences, and were ever after friends. Regnard wrote more than twenty pieces for the theatre, which were well received. The account of his voyages is a spirited performance. The best edition of his works is that of Paris, 1790, 4 vols. quarto.

ROSCIUS QUINTUS.

This celebrated actor was born in Gaul, and was induced by Cæsar to go to Rome. Cicero, his friend and admirer, has spoken of him in the highest terms of panegyric. "This "man," says he, "was so agreeable on the "stage, that he ought never to have quitted "it; and he was so virtuous, that he ought "never to have set his foot on it." Cicero undertook his defence against Fannius, and it was on this occasion that he delivered his fine oration, *pro Roscio*. Piso and Sylla were no less his friends. He won the hearts of all, by his humanity, candor, suavity and liberality. The republic granted him a pension of 20,000 crowns; and, although he was not paid for ten years together, he continued to perform. Æsop, according to Pliny, was worth 125,000 ducats a year (about 8,000£. sterling). Roscius might have made a fortune, to which this would have been but a trifle, if he had duly appreciated his own talents, since Cicero made a formal declaration, in his harangue for him, that he could earn annually a million of ducats (27,000£. sterling.) This illustrious actor died 61 years before Christ. He wrote, *A parallel of the Stage and the Bar;* but this work has not descended to our time.

For the Port Folio.

[With the exception of Cervantes, Quevedo, Father Feyjoo and a few others, whom we are compelled to praise, I know not whether even in England, and still less in America, the literature of Spain excites the just attention of the learned. My slender acquaintance with the language enables me to affirm, that it abounds with writings which, in dignity, spirit and grace, exceed works translated from languages much more fashionable. The apothegms of the Spanish nation are as pregnant with wisdom as those of the Greeks. The following, in very quaint terms, convey lessons of prudence, which deserve to be studied and obeyed.]

Old Spanish Proverbs.

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning. When all men say you are an ass, it is time to bray. Change of weather finds discourse for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry you either mar or make yourself. God comes to see or look upon us without a bell. You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friends. That's wise delay which makes the road safe. Cure your sore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God, and be content with what we have. The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saving and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diseases. A life ill-spent makes a sad old age. 'Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God does what he pleases. May you have good luck, my son, and a little wit will serve your turn. Gifts break through stone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst. There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend. A wall between both best preserves friendship. The sum of

all is, to serve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a lasting memory. Repentance always costs very dear. Good breeding and money make our sons gentlemen. As you use your father, so your children will use you. There is no evil, but some good use may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counsel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak. Praise the man whose bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I trust; from him whom I trust not, I shall keep myself. Keep out of an hasty man's way for a while; out of a sullen man's all the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so. I defy all fetters, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger; an hundred thousand of surfeits. Govern yourself by reason, though some like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who asks for God's sake, asks for himself too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an asking friend. God keep me from still water: from that which is rough I will keep myself. Take your wife's first advice, not her second. Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet. Hear reason, or she will make herself be heard. Gifts enter every where, without a wimble. A great fortune with a wife is a bedfull of brambles. One pin for your purse, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promises runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers stones. Leave your son a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the physician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feasts, and wise men eat them. June, July, August, and Carthagena, are the four best ports of Spain. A gentle calf sucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witnesses, and a notary). The devil brings a modest man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault must keep none. The wolves eat the poor ass that hath many owners. Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten peasants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped because our dame will not spin. Leave your jest whilst you are most pleased with it. Whither goest thou, grief? Where I am used to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

SOUTHEY, though correctly aimed at by the sagacious archers of the old school, for his hostile approach to the ancient and fortified castles of criticism and morality, is unquestionably a young man of a feeling heart and a fertile imagination. His fault is an affectation of being wiser than what is written, a disdain of established rules, sanctioned by the quiet good sense and unerring experience of mankind. But, as is incident to such romantic adventurers, he sometimes, in the midst of his literary temerity, snatches a grace beyond the reach of art. The following poem, which, judging merely from the title, a careless reader might pronounce trifling, if not mean, is original, fanciful, and pathetic. The *considerate* humanity in the first stanza, the allusion and simile in the second, and the comparison in the last, are are all honorable to the author. The expression, occurring in the third stanza, of "nice geometry," as descriptive of a Spider's web, is not only a felicity of fancy, but is sanctioned by the rigid mathematician; and every pilgrim of sensibility, in his journey through life, will perceive and acknowledge the melancholy truth of the poet's similitude between the visions of Hope and Desire and the most flimsy and fragile of all textures.

TO A SPIDER.

Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about,
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou should'st eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight,
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see;
For there is one, who might,
One day, roast me.

Thou art welcome to a rhymer sore perplext,
The subject of his verse;
There's many a one, who on a better text,
Perhaps, might comment worse.

Then shrink not, old Free Mason, from my view,
But, quietly, like me, spin out the line;
Do though thy work pursue,
As I will mine.

"Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, sire of lies;
Hell's huge black spider, for mankind he lays
His toils, as thou for flies.

When Betty's busy eye runs round the room
Woe to that nice geometry, if seen!
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought
(And 'twas a likeness true)
To emblem laws, in which the weak are caught
But which the strong break through.

And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en
Like some poor client is that wretched fly;
I'll warrant thee, thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on earth employ'd?
Such are young hopes and love's delightful dreams,
So easily destroy'd.

So does the statesman, while the 'vengers sleep,
Self deem'd, secure his wiles in secret lay;
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

"Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong;
For, Spider! thou art like the Poet, poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.

Both busily, our needful food to win;
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless pains;
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my trains.

Boswell, in his life of Johnson, which is the most entertaining *ana* that was ever compiled, has quoted a rule from his great master, which I quote for the benefit of those among the literary tribe, who are subject to fits of hereditary spleen or morbid vigilance.

Talking of *constitutional* melancholy, he observed, "A man so afflicted, sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them." Boswell, "May he not think them down, sir?" Johnson, "No, sir; to attempt to think them down is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bedchamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed, take a book and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise."

In the same work, the great moralist has given his opinion of Rousseau, which is memorable not only for the uncommon energy of the expression, but for its truth and justice.

"Having mentioned that I had passed some time with *Rousseau*, in his wild retreat, and having quoted some remarks made by Mr. Wilkes, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in Italy, Johnson said, sarcastically, "It seems, sir, you have kept very good company abroad, with Rousseau and Wilkes!" Thinking it enough to defend one at a time, I said nothing as to my gay friend, but answered, with a smile, "My dear sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company. Do you really think him a bad man?" Johnson—"Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him; and it is a shame that he is protected in this country." Boswell—"I don't deny but that his novel may, perhaps, do harm; but I cannot think his intention was bad." Johnson—"Sir, that will not do. We cannot prove any man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through the head, and say you intended to miss him; but the judge will order you to be hanged. An alleged want of intention, when evil is committed, will not be allowed in a court of justice. Rousseau, sir, is a *very bad* man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work on the plantations." "Sir, do you think him as bad as Voltaire?" "Why, sir, it is difficult

to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

A young girl of the city of Chichester was playing at *What is it like?* in a company where there was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: she likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher's stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. The History of Pamela, said she, is like Mrs. Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue.

The following Epigram was occasioned by Miss H's elopement from Oxford with her footman at the time a gentleman, called by the wits of the University, Dr. *Toe*, from his peculiarity of walking, was paying his addresses to her.

'Twixt footman John and Dr. Toe
A rivalship befel,
Which should be the happy beau,
And bear away the belle.

The footman gain'd the lady's heart,
And who can blame her?—No man!
The *whole* prevail'd against *its part*,
'Twas *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

An Irish gentleman, in company, a few nights since, observing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out lustily, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of *daycent* candles, that I may see how those others burn."

A club has been established in Charlestown America, which, we presume, will be no great inducement to the emigration of English ladies. The following is their advertisement.

Ugly club. The anniversary of the *Ugly club* will be at Williams's room on Wednesday the 18th. Dinner on the table at half past three.

N. B. Any *ugly* gentleman wishing to become a member, will leave his name, and qualifications at the bar of the tavern. A ballot will be called in favour of two candidates, one with a very large nose, the other with no nose at all. *Lond. Pap.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Americanus" feels and expresses the impatience of an author; but we have not determined to reject his essays. Americanus should remember that many literary competitors press around us,

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand.

The poetry of "Eliza" is inadmissible. The rhymes are incorrect, and the cadences are false. Her letter, with its *inclosure*, is left to be returned to her, or her order, at the office, No. 42, Walnut Street.

By mistake, the Original Biography of Anacreon was supposed to be *concluded* in our last number. The Author has only entered the vestibule, and promises, at his leisure, to conduct us through the Temple. We hope he will fulfil his task. When we wander with him over this classic ground, we imagine ourselves under the lentiscus, and the myrtle of Asia, listening to the lyre, and gazing at the Graces.

N. N. who favoured us with a "Lament on Burns," which has much Scottish spirit and simplicity, and a very elegant translation from the Greek of Athenæus, is thanked for communications of so much merit On the banks of St. Lawrence the voice of the Muse is not less audible than on the banks of the Thames, or by the cascade at Tivoli.

"Valerius" has translated with spirit the beautiful Ode addressed by Horace to Thaliarchus, in which the poet so jocundly persuades his friend to mitigate the horrors of winter by the warmth of wine. We wish that Valerius may often produce similar versions from the same poet.

We thank 'Viola' for her offer to translate Regnier's epitaph, inserted in No VIII of the Port Folio, under the head of Literary Biography, but it is impossible to do it better than in the following lines, which we remember to have perused in some volume, the amusement of our early years:

Gaily I liv'd, as Ease and Nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought,
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

This close and at the same time spirited translation is a memorable example of the superiority of the English language to the French. Six lines of the original are, without any diminution of grace or energy, abridged to four; and criticism the least partial must proclaim that the epitome contains the very soul of the poet's meaning.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[From a paper published in the wilds of Kentucky, we copy, as a very great curiosity, a version of VIRGIL's first Eclogue. This forester's translation, though occasionally meritorious, does not always emulate the sense of the original. But we think the very attempt is wonderful in a savage region; and cannot help considering that a classical imitation, by a woodman of the west, is as stupendous as the erection of an Academy of the Sciences among the Esquimeaux, or a Professorship of the Belles Lettres, to be filled by *Red Jacket*, or *Cornplanter*.]

From the Kentucky Gazette.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S

FIRST PASTORAL.

MELIBÆUS,

YOU, in loved ease, a spreading beech be neath,
Your flute melodious, happy Tityrus! breathe;
We, wretched exiles, leave our native seats,
Our smiling fields, our darling green retreats;
You teach the shades the breathing sweets of love,
And Amarillis' charms fill ev'ry grove.

TITYRUS,

A heav'n-born youth my balmy peace redeem'd;
The youth by me a god be e'er esteem'd;
Oft on his shrine shall holy incense flame,
Each letter 's gold that spells his precious name!

MELIBÆUS,

I envy not, but 'midst such wasteful wars
Admire your peace, and wail our helpless stars:
We our sad flocks in pining sorrow drive,
This ewe I lead, alas! is scarce alive;
She hardly moves, two infant lambs she mourns,
Their piercing cries her frantick moan returns;
To me these woes yon hapless oak proclaim'd,
When red-wing'd lightning 'mid its ruin flam'd;
I heard the crash—I heard the raven's scream—
This robb'd my slumber of its golden dream.
But tell me, Tityrus, whence such blessings come?

TITYRUS,

I thought our Mantua might compare with Rome,
As smaller things with great we oft compare;
So lambs all like their milky mothers are;
But peerless Rome above our Mantua shines,
As cypress forests o'er the creeping vines.

MELIBÆUS,

What lur'd you hence to Rome's imperial tow'rs?

TITYRUS,

The noblest blessing heaven on mortal pours,
Blest *Liberty!* the goddess late appears,
To bless the remnant of my silv'ry years:
Now bent no more by darling fortune's frown,
I rest my head on plenty's feath'ry down;
'Till now, my flocks no golden wealth return'd.

MELIBÆUS,

We wonder'd why your Amarillis mourn'd;
The fruit unminded dropt from ev'ry tree,
The beauteous damsel pin'd away for thee!
She sought the lonely shades, for thee to mourn,
The bubbling fountains sigh'd for thy return.

TITYRUS,

What could I here? to fruitless labor chain'd,
Elsewhere no glimpse of smiling hope remain'd;
'Twas there the bliss-bestowing youth appear'd
Who, angel-like our sad despondence cheer'd,
"Go, tune thy pipe," the god-like youth decreed,
"Go feed thy flocks where they are wont to feed!"

MELIBÆUS,

O blest old man! thy bleating flocks remain,
Thy mossy dells, thy fields of mellowing grain.
Far round thy bounds, in undulating line,
The honey-breathing, golden willows shine,
Thence swarming bees stream through the air perfumes, [blooms:
Sipp'd from the bosoms sweet of thousand
Their breezy murmurs lull to rest the swain—
From grove to grove the turtle-doves complain;
The distant copse the woodman's song resounds:
Your blest retreat in tranquil peace abounds!

TITYRUS,

Light-wing'd in air, the fleecy droves shall feed,
The silv'ry fish in woodland bow'r shall breed,
North change to South, the Orient-beam to West,
Ere his dear image quit my grateful breast!

MELIBÆUS,

But we, alas, are doom'd, an exile band,
Fainting, to wander o'er the burning sand!
O'er wilds and seas to Britain's lonely isle,
Nor meet one friendly, sympathising smile!
Ah! wilt thou ever, O prophetic time!
E'er more return us to our native clime?
May we these cots, with tufted grass o'ergrown,
These lovely fields our hands so oft have sown,
E'er see again? Ah no! sad, wretched swains!
Barbarian soldiers ravage all your plains!
With bloody hands pollute your crystal springs!

Ye Gods, what mis'ries civil discord brings!
Away my droves! once happier flocks away!
No more my goats you crop the dewy spray;
No more, reclining 'neath this cave, serene,
I see you headlong down the summit lean,
In dread suspense, to taste the spicy thyme,
No more these honey-bosom'd cliffs you climb;—
No more I wander thro this willowy dell;
Sweet scenes, adieu! sweet warbling late, farewell!

TITYRUS,

This night, at least, Melibæus, be my guest,
On the green couch compose thy troubled breast;
The fairest fruit my darling trees afford,
And luscious cream shall grace our rural board;
For, see! the gliding shadows shoot away,
And spires of smoke o'er distant villas play.

For the Port Folio.

ODE XXII. Lib. I.

"Integer vitæ, sceleris que purus." *Hor.*

The man of pure and virtuous heart
Wants not the Moorish bow or dart;
Nor need he in his quiver bear
The pois'nous implements of war:
* * * * * * * * * *
Whether beneath a burning ray
O'er Libyan sands he takes his way;
Or thro' the inhospitable snows
Of barbarous Caucasus he goes;
Or where Hydaspes rolls its stream,
Of poets long the fabled theme:
For heedless wheresoe'er I stray'd
In the deep forest's gloomy shade,
Unarm'd I rov'd, and, light of heart,
In songs confess'd love's amorous smart;
Sudden before my startled view
A wolf appeared!—and from me flew:
Terrific beast! than whom more fell
None ever raised the midnight yell,
On warlike Daunia's wide domains,
Or sandy Juba's scorching plains.
Place me in those deserted fields,
Where earth exhausted nothing yields;
Where drooping stand the withering trees,
Unfann'd by summer's cooling breeze:
Where clouds the face of Heaven obscure,
And rain and hail incessant pour;
Or place me where the solar rays
With undiminish'd fervor blaze;
E'en there, the maid I love my heart bebeguiles
With soft bewitching speech, and heavenly smiles.

VALERIUS.

For the Port Folio.

ODE XXXVIII. Lib. I.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus." *Hor.*

Boy! I detest the Persian's gorgeous state,
No flow'ry garlands shall my brows entwine;
Cease to collect the rose of latest date;
Nor in such idle search consume thy time.
Myrtle alone enwreath'd my head shall grace,
In the cool arbour as I lay reclined
And take my glass—it suits thy humble place,
And well befits thy modest master's mind.

VALERIUS.

For the Port Folio.

IMPROMPTU.

To a young lady, who presented an apple to the author.

Now Priam's son thou may'st be mute,
For I more proudly boast than thee;
Thou to the fairest gav'st the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

For the Port Folio.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.

Here modest Wolfe, cut off in early bloom,
Tho' crown'd with glory, waits the gen'ral doom;
The shouts of vict'ry met his parting breath,
He heard with joy, and smiling sunk in death.
O brave, enlightened youth! thy manners mild,
Of half its terrors horrid war beguil'd;
And sweet compassion purify'd the flame
Which fir'd thy breast to gain a deathless name,
For thee thy country drops the gen'rous tear,
And mourns thy conquests at a price so dear,

Wolfius, victoriâ annunciatâ, ut Thebanus obiit. N. N.

EPIGRAM.

A colonel, by chronicles, late, it appears,
In style gave a feast to his crack volunteers;
The dishes were good, but the glasses so small,
His heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
The commandant then thus, to his right and left wing,
Said, "Gentlemen, CHARGE! let us drink to the King!"
A jolly sub, eyeing his glass at the time,
Cried, "Col'nel, here's hardly enough for a PRIME!"

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